Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.
King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile ſtay ſtill.
Clifford. Be it with reſolution then to fight.
Prince. Good father cheere theſe noble Lordes,
Vnſheath your ſword, ſweete father cry *Saint George.*
Clif. Pitch we our Battell here, for hence we wil not moue

Enter the houſe of Yorke.

Edw. Now periurd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne,
And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?
Quee. Goe rate thy minions proud inſulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy King and lawfull Soueraigne?
Edw. I am his King, and he ſhould bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his conſent.
Georg. Since when, he hath broke his oath,
For as we heare, you that are King,
Though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue cauſde him by new act of Parliament
To blot our brother out, and put his owne ſonne in.
Clif. And reaſon *George.* Who ſhould ſucceed the father,
but the ſonne?
Rich. Are you their butcher? (ſort.
Clif. I *Crookback*, here I ſtand to anſwere thee, or any of your
Rich. T was you that kild young *Rutland*, was it not?
Clif. Yes, and olde *Yorke* too, and yet not ſatisfide.
Rich. For Gods ſake Lordes, giue ſynald to the fight.
VVar. What ſayſt thou *Henry?* wilt thou yeeld thy crowne?
Queen. What, long tongde *War.* dare you ſpeake?
When you and I met at Saint *Albones* laſt,
Your legges did better ſeruice then your handes.
VVar. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thine.
Clif. You ſayd ſo much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your vallour *Clifford*, that droue me thence.
Northum. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, that could make
you ſtay.
Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we holde thee re-
uerently. Breake off the parlie, for ſcarſe I can refraine the
exe-

execution of my big ſwolne heart, againſt that *Clifford* there,
that cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why, I kild thy Father, calſt thou him a childe?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother *Rutland*,
But ere Sunne ſet Ile make thee curſſe the deed. (ſpeake,
King. Haue done with wordes great Lords, and heare me
Quee. Defie them then, or els hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a King and preuiledgde to ſpeake.
Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with wordes, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then Executioner vnſheath thy ſword,
By him that made vs all I am reſolu'de,
That *Cliffords* manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What ſaiſt thou *Henrie?* ſhall I haue my right or no?
A thouſand men haue broke their faſt to day,
That nere ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie, their blouds be on thy head,
For *Yorke* in iuſtice puts his armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwicke* ſaies is right,
There is no wrong, but all things muſt be right.
Rich. Whoſoeuer got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For well I wot, thou haſt thy Mothers tongue.
Quee. But thou art neither like thy ſire nor dam,
But like a foule miſhapen Stygmaticke,
Markt by the deſtinies, to be auoided
As venome Toades, or Lizards fainting lookes.
Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with Engliſh gilt,
Thy Father beares the title of a King,
As if a channell ſhould be calde the Sea;
Sham'ſt not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de,
To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?
Edw. A wiſpe of ſtrawe were worth a thouſand crownes,
To make that ſhameleſſe Callet know her ſelfe,
Thy husbands Father reueld in the heart of *Fraunce*,
And tamde the French, and made the *Dolphin* ſtoope:
And had he matcht according to his ſtate,

32 Shamſt thou not—